

# THE VALLEY FARMER.

A Monthly Journal of Agriculture, Horticulture, Education, and Domestic Economy  
Adapted to the wants of the people of the Mississippi Valley.

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## VALLEY FARMER,

The Valley Farmer is published on the first of each month, and will hereafter contain thirty-six large octave pages, and will be offered at the following

### Reduced Rates:

Single copy, one year,	\$1 00
Four copies, " "	3 00
Seven " " "	5 00
Fifteen " " "	10 00

Payments, in all cases, must be made in advance. Remittances may be made by mail at our risk.

Postmasters and Country Merchants are authorized to act as Agents, and every friend of the enterprise is respectfully requested to aid in extending its circulation, by inducing his neighbors to subscribe to clubs.

Advertisements will be inserted in the advertising sheet, which forms a cover for each number, at reasonable rates.

### REMOVAL.

The Editor's office and Printing office of the Valley Farmer is removed to the building recently occupied by the St. Louis Intelligencer, north-west corner of Third and Pine streets, entrance on Third street.

### END OF THE VOLUME.

This number completes the third year of the VALLEY FARMER, and in entering upon a new year, we shall, as we have promised in our prospectus, give our paper an entire new dress. These old type, which have performed good service in their time will be laid aside, and new ones substituted in their stead; each number of the paper will be neatly folded, stitched, and trimmed, and no exertions will be spared to render its mechanical execution, and ornate embellishment equal to the best publication in the country. We have also purchased a new printing press expressly for this work. Of its editorial improvement we do not speak in any boasting manner, but from our expe-

rience for the past, and our expectations and assurances for the future, we can confidently assure the farmers of the west that this—their own paper—will be ever faithful to their interests, ever jealous of their rights, and ever diligent in seeking out and seconding such inventions, discoveries, and improvements, as seem likely to be of advantage to them.

Having for three years toiled faithfully in this field, we think it time we should receive some adequate reward for our labors. This we have not hitherto received, and we therefore make an urgent appeal to all our friends to come up to this work and aid us in the matter. Our paper is now established—in character and reputation—it has we trust passed its probationary stage, and its continuance may now be considered a fixed fact, and how can the intelligent farmers of the Great Valley better advance their own interests than in increasing the circulation of a paper adapted to their own interests exclusively? Some—many—of our subscribers have done well. They have paid their subscriptions promptly and have induced many of their neighbors to subscribe;—but there are others who have read our paper—not theirs—for years and have neglected to remit us the pay so justly earned, so greatly needed, and so wrongfully withheld. Will not all of our friends think of these things, and resolve that next year shall be the beginning of a better state of things.

We would again reiterate what we have so often urged upon the farmers to write for our paper. We wish to fill our pages with their communications and answers to their enquiries. Let every one who has information to communicate, or who wishes to receive information upon any subject connected with his business, make use of the medium which our paper affords to talk with his brother farmers.

## NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

We will suppose that the most of the field work of the farm is accomplished. The potatoes are dug, the corn husked, the apples gathered, the wheat threshed, etc. But whatever of all this is undone now requires immediate attention. The month of December closes the year, and it should also close up the season's operations on the farm. Every farmer ought by Christmas, to have his business closed up so that he can tell how he stands in the world, and to be ready to commence the New Year with a distinct understanding of what he has been doing and what he may expect for the future. This is necessary, in order that he may answer to himself or others the often mooted question "is farming profitable?" He should estimate the increased value of his land, during the year; the cost or value of improvements made during the year; the increased value of his stock; the value of his crops or produce remaining unsold; the money due him on hand and debts paid by him, &c., and from the aggregate of these subtract the sum of the interest of the capital invested, the value of the produce remaining unsold at the close of the year, the money received for produce sold, or from other sources, cash on hand at that time, debts owing, contracted during the year, the value of the labor expended over and above the cost of supporting the family; the amount remaining will show the profit on the year's operations. If he has kept a regular set of books during the year, the labor of closing them, and making up this estimate will be comparatively trifling, and if he has not he will be convinced of the propriety of doing so another year. By this reckoning up, also, he will be able to form an opinion as to which part of his business is most profitable; and can shape his future course accordingly. Which is the most profitable crop; corn, wheat, oats, tobacco, hemp, or flax? Is it most profitable to feed the corn and sell the pork, or to sell the corn? Is the raising of horses more profitable than neat cattle? or wool-growing more or less profitable than the making of butter and cheese? How many of our readers can answer these questions by any thing more definite than *guess work*? If there is one of them that can answer one or all of them, and show the figures for it, we should like to have him do it, for publication in the Farmer. We can answer any such questions in regard to our business and so far we believe we are a better business man than most of our readers.

Every preparation should now be made for the severity of winter. It is not enough that your house is made comfortable (though many are miserably deficient in this particular) but the accommodations for the faithful dumb beasts should be cared for. The patient ox and active horse, will be better fitted for the severe labors of the next season if they are provided with warm and comfortable shelter from the chilling winds and shivering storms of winter, the valued cow and the timid sheep will ruminate much more profitably if housed in warm quarters; the young stock of all kinds will expand their limbs into much better proportion, in a warm stable or shed, than in the open fields or the wet and exposed barnyard, and even the bristly grunter, will thrive better if permitted to snooze away his time, comfortably nestled in a warm pen among plenty of clean straw, then if left to squeal his life out in the fence corners or on the frozen ground at the sunny side of the house. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and we have often inquired what mercy would be justice, to the man who can lie cozily in bed of a winter's night without giving a thought to his poor swine who are worrying away the whole night, perhaps in the snow, by the side of the wood-pile or under the eaves of the house, in an effort to keep themselves from freezing, each trying to get inside of the other.

The winter's wood, is it all prepared and secured where it will be dry and handy at all times. Recollect that it is rather severe business to get up of a bitter cold morning and go and dig an armful of green wood out of the snow bank, to make a fire with. Better, a vast deal, have an ample supply made ready before hand, and put out of the reach of rain and snow.

Your cellar, what is its condition? If you are a farmer, "as is a farmer," you of course have a cellar, and something to put in it, too, in the way of apples, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, etc. Is this appendage to the house made perfectly clean, and sweet, and properly fitted for the various purposes for which it may be used? Clean shelves for the milk, pies, and bread, and other eatables, safe from mice, and out of the reach of Jack Frost; secure bins for the vegetables. Capacious barrels nice and clean for the pork and beef; barrels or boxes for the apples.

And speaking of the pork and beef barrels, we are reminded that this is the hog killing month. In New England the thrifty farmer's always calculate to have their year's supply of pork in their

barrels by Thanksgiving; but in this climate we will give our readers till Christmas to attend to it. At that time there should not be seen a grunter about the place except those who have a lease of their lives till next season. Most of our readers know what good bacon is, and how to make it, but many of them are ignorant of the mode of preparing pickled pork, so as to have it sweet and free from rust the year round, and perhaps a few hints on the subject may not come amiss. Two of our subscribers live neighbors and at hog killing time last year, one of them purchased of the other a pork barrel the exact counterpart of one which the seller had reserved for his own use. The barrels were of the capacity of forty-five or fifty gallons, made large at the bottom with a regular taper towards the top, upon which was fitted a cover shutting it up tight. This shape was preferred on account of its entire prevention of the hoops, which were of iron, working loose and coming off, or falling down. They killed their hogs about the same time, salted with the same kind of salt, and put away in their barrels. The one put his away in the cellar, the other put it away up stairs. When the pork was pretty well impregnated with salt, a strong brine was applied to each. The man who put his meat in his cellar, did not remove his brine from the barrel until the pork was all used up; the other as soon as spring came, poured off his brine, scalded it, and poured it on again, and repeated the process until the pork had become so soft and rusty that it could not be eaten, and then what remained was thrown away. The last of August we were at the house of one of these individuals, and ate of the pork, which was as nice and pure as when put in the barrel the December previous; the other family had thrown away their spoiled pork, before harvest. The best kind of rock salt was used in both cases.

Pork for pickling should never be allowed to freeze; as soon as the carcass is cold, it should be cut up and salted—the clear parts by themselves. Cut the sides crosswise of the body, in pieces six or eight inches wide, according to thickness, and pack it edgewise in the barrel, first covering the bottom with salt, then placing the first pieces with the skin side next to the barrel in a circular position, and continue round and round, and circle within circle, until the bottom is covered, taking care to have plenty of salt between each piece, and between the barrel and the pork. The place for the barrel should be in a dry cellar or some other place protected from the frosts of

winter and the heats of summer and after three or four weeks should have a small portion of brine made by boiling salt in pure water, using salt enough to make it quite strong, poured over it when cool. If these directions are properly attended to, and the barrel is clean and sweet, and the salt the right kind, there will be no need of scalding the brine, or using salt petre about it, and our word for it, and the word of many an experienced man who has tried it, you may have pork till pork comes again, and much better to our taste than the yellow, greasy article, demonstrated side meat, that comes from the smoke-house.

We are aware that the poultry on the farm is generally considered too unimportant a matter to claim much attention from the male part of the family; and although the "lords of creation" are "mighty fond" of a dish of bacon and eggs, a rich custard or a daintily cooked chicken, yet they never seem to think that the hens and chickens demand any thing more than sufferance at their hand; still we cannot help saying that a few hours or a day or two devoted to the construction of a nice warm hen house, will be a very profitable way of employing the time. With such a house made from digging into the south-side of a hill and thus facing the north, having a good window at the front, sufficiently tight to be anti-freezing, and always opened every pleasant day for ventilation, and to allow the inmates to take the fresh air for a few hours, you may have plenty of eggs all winter instead of going without until March, as is usually the case: you may have plenty of eggs at that season of the year, when eggs in market, are not only eggs, but 25 cents and upwards a dozen.

We suppose we hardly need say anything about the propriety of paying attention to your schools. This matter should have been attended to last month, so we will say little about it now, only to say that if you wish your children to improve and make the most of their opportunities, you must encourage them and aid them at home, and stimulate them to application to their studies. Interesting books and newspapers placed in the hands of children, or read in their hearing, these long evenings will awaken a desire for knowledge on their part, which will help them along wonderfully, and any one will be surprised to see how fast a child will learn to read under such circumstances. Read an interesting story to a child who has just mastered words of two or three syllables, and has commenced her "easy lessons in reading," and give her the book



or paper, and let her spell it out again, and see how rapidly she will improve: get those who are drilling on the four ground rules of arithmetic to assist you in casting up the profits of the year's labor, or the cost of the new fence around the wheat field, or of the trees purchased from the nursery, or the materials for a new house or barn, and you will give them a better idea of the utility of the "science of numbers," than all the instructions of the master through the winter.

Connected with this subject we would say now is the time to **Pay the Printer.** If you have already paid for the present year, it is none too early to forward your subscriptions for the next. If you knew how much it rejoices his heart to receive these evidences that his friends scattered over the land do not forget him, you would not delay a moment in attending to the matter. It may seem a trifling affair to you—one, or two, or three dollars—but these little matters constitute all his living. See to it that no exertion is wanting on your part to induce every family in your neighborhood to subscribe for a good agricultural paper. It will do more to raise the reputation of the products of your neighborhood in market; to wake up an interest in agriculture; to make it respectable in the eyes of your sons and daughters; and to put money in your pockets, and add value to your farms, than any investment you can make of three times the amount. Said an honest German farmer who called upon us yesterday to pay up for next year, "would have the Valley Farmer if it cost three dollars every year."

We know nothing about the matter complained of in the following letter, except that the writer is a reliable man, and signs his own name to his communication. We presume that Mr. Blow can, and will tell his own story, and for this purpose we cheerfully offer to him the use of our columns.

For the Valley Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I would make a few remarks in reference to the culture of flaxseed. The readers of the Republican well remember a correspondence between Mr. Blow of your city and Mr. Bond, Marshal of this State, designed to encourage the farming community to raise flaxseed, in which communication Mr. Blow stated that while oil would bring eighty cents per gallon they could afford to give one dollar and fifty cents per bushel for flaxseed. On this representation if the case a few were induced to raise

seed. I raised a small crop myself. A short time before I harvested my crop the price began to recede, and by the time it was ready for market the price was quoted at one dollar per bushel, while at the same oil was worth eighty cents or more per gallon. I stored my seed until the price advanced to one dollar and thirty-five cents, according to the price current in the Republican. On the 28th of Oct. I took a portion of my crop to Mr. Blow's factory and there learned to my astonishment that one dollar and thirty cents was the highest price paid, about this time the current price was reported at one dollar and thirty-seven cents per bushel in the Republican. On the fifth of November I returned to Mr. Blow's factory with another lot of seed, I was then offered one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel, which I refused to take and went to Mr. Clark's factory, and received one dollar and thirty cents per bushel, and further more learned from them that the week before they paid one dollar and thirty-five, while I received from Mr. Blow one dollar and thirty. I had not previously learned Mr. Clark's whereabouts, and for the benefit of my farming friends I will say you will find him at No. 5 Locust street, and you will find him a plain honorable dealer. Why this discrepancy in the prices current in the papers and those actually paid the farmers at the factory?—I will give the solution which I received when last in your city. That the prices quoted in the papers are actually paid for seed at the river, giving the shipper from five to seven cents more per bushel than the neighbor farmer, while the farmer hauls and delivers his seed at the factory, and the other has to be hauled at the expense of the purchaser. It cannot be that our seed is inferior to that shipped, for my seed was pronounced to be of the best quality. I will close my remarks by saying that if the scale given by Mr. Blow is correct and if he is not mistaken in his calculations, which I suppose he is not, and if when linseed oil is worth eighty cents per gallon they can afford to give one dollar and fifty cents per bushel for flaxseed, let any responsible manufacturer of oil fix this as the scale that shall govern the price of seed, so that when the price of oil advances let the price of seed advance in proportion; or when the price of oil recedes



let the price of seed recede in proportion, let this be done, I say, and the farmers will go to work and supply the needful quantity, but as long as these fluctuations in prices continue without any apparent cause, farmers will reluctantly engage in the business. Who will respond? I listen to hear. I have a quantity of seed of the best quality, which I can furnish my neighbors who are willing to engage in raising seed if reasonable encouragement is given.

#### THORNTON PEEPLES.

Lebanon, Ill., Nov. 20, 1851.

#### NATIONAL PLOWING MATCH.

This splendid affair came off at Bridgeport Conn. early in September. P. T. Barnum, Esq., had, with great liberality offered premiums to the amount of \$200, open to the whole United States. There were twenty-nine entries. All the premiums were taken by those who used Messrs. Ruggles, Nourse, Mason & Co's. celebrated Eagle and Deep Tiller plows.

The Sentinel and Witness says—the scene was an interesting and exciting one. Judge Huntington delivered an address on the ground, and he was followed by some quaint and appropriate remarks from Mr. Barnum, the president of the Agricultural Society, who after the premiums had been announced, also on the ground, invited a large number to partake of a sumptuous dinner at his beautiful residence, Iranistan, a short distance only from the plowing ground.

The above plows, we see by the papers, Chas. A. Aslop, Esq., was so kind as to send us, were equally successful at the Middletown plowing match. They have also taken more premiums in Massachusetts and elsewhere this fall, than any other plows, although they have had a more strong and numerous competition than they

In our May number for the current volume, we published an elaborate article with illustrations, on Messrs. Ruggles, Nourse, Mason & Co's new Improved Deep Tiller Plows for sod, stubble, flat, and lap, and to this we would refer our readers for information upon this subject.—[Am. Agriculturist.]

“CURING BACON”—CONSTRUCTION OF MEAT-HOUSES.—In the number of the Cultivator of February 1st is a communication with the above caption. Now, I, for one, coincide with D. S.,

in all that he said on that subject, and would further remark that I have “smoked” no ham for nineteen years. My plan is, to fatten well, then salt well in a large box, long and wide enough to contain the hams and shoulders (the sides I put in pickle,) and, before hanging up, finely ground pepper is well rubbed on the fleshy side. I cut the legs off at the joints, which part soon dries up, and leaves no chance for worms. And in this way, I have as good, sweet, well cured bacon as any smoked in the neighborhood. Nor can I tell what desirable property the smoke imparts to the bacon, except a disagreeable taste, for it will not prevent injury from worms or skippers. I have often asked my neighbors who smoke their bacon as to the benefit of smoke to meat, but have never yet received a satisfactory answer. They tell me, “oh! I love the taste of it;” yes, I reply, and so do the natives of the East Indies love to sup their milk smoked with cow dung, and wonder why the English do not like it.

One great requisite in curing and preserving bacon (along with salt and pepper,) is a good meat house (or smoke-house if you will have it so.) It should be twelve or fourteen feet square and at least two full stories high; the first floor should be one foot or more above the ground, so that plenty of fresh air may pass under the building for carrying off any moisture that may arise underneath. The second floor should be nine feet above the first, which will give sufficient space to hang the meat above the head. To this room there should be two windows in opposite directions to give free passage for pure air to pass through to keep the meat dry and sweet; these windows have wooden slats or wires fastened across, to prevent the ingress of cats and rats, but the flies may pass in if they will, for if the meat be well dosed with pepper the flies will not touch it—the skin soon becomes too dry and the peppered side too hot. The third floor or [ceiling] should be the garret next the roof; this as well as the second floor, will keep back the heat of the sun, which is very injudicious to bacon being in low damp smoke or meat-houses. The upper room will be useful to the farmer to store away his wool or grain, &c.

Before I quit the subject, I may say that meat-houses, generally, are badly constructed. In the first place, nine out of ten are too low and too small every way, and in the second place, the earth forms the first floor, or what is little better, the floor is laid on the ground, and no floor above. This being the case the moisture which arises

from the ground comes in contact with the meat, for which there is an affinity, and next the action of the sun upon the roof so near the meat causes the oil to run, and injures or spoils the meat.—[Ohio Cultivator.

#### NATIVE STOCK.

It seems to be a principle recognized, that cattle degenerate with a change of climate, with few exceptions; accordingly, every district in England has its peculiar stock, which is generally the native breed improved by judicious selection. So valuable is acclimation, that the judicious breeder seldom discards the native stock, but builds upon it by careful selection and crossing; and poor as our native stock of cattle may appear, we are little aware how much of that appearance is owing to indifferent keeping and bad management, or what vast improvement may be effected by a more judicious course. We once know a physician in country practice who had a fine eye for a cow, and who, when he met with one that pleased his fancy, would purchase her, perhaps for eight or ten dollars, and by judicious keeping and management, increase her milk from a quart to several gallons at a milking; she then became the wonder of the neighborhood, and was soon purchased by some less judicious person, at a very high price; another purchased in her stead, showing the same result. And this person, who was a man of great observation and judgment, and devoted to agricultural pursuit, often declared his conviction of the ability, if his professional engagement permitted, to raise from our native cattle a stock for the dairy equal to any that could be imported. The fact is, that for producing a good stock of our own, the material is not so much wanting in our cattle, for nature every where affords favorable specimens of her work; we only require more information and discernment amongst our breeders. What avails it to advise the selection of the best individuals if those are ignorant of anatomy, and of the points indicating the qualities to be desired?

Cattle are used for three purposes: as oxen for draught, as producers of milk, or for the food they afford as beef.

There are certain points of form giving activity and endurance to the ox; there are others indicating a milking propensity in the cow; there are others again, denoting a tendency to convert food into fat; the marks of each are certain, and easily understood by observation and study, but they no more come by nature than reading or writing. We then advise our farmers to make themselves

acquainted with those points of form by resorting to the best works and obtaining the best advice they can procure on the subject; let them select a certain number of our native cattle, according to the information they shall obtain and keeping them in the best manner, let them select from their offsprings those individuals only as breeders having the points they have learned to esteem; every year they will find the produce coming near their standard of perfection, and they would venture to confer a high sounding name upon them which will be all that is wanted to enable them to rival the "imported."—[Farmer's Cabinet.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

#### Fair of the Buel Institute.

Our Fair, will not make a very brilliant comparison with that of the Chrystal Palace, or yours of the Empire State; yet, considering the time and place, it may be deemed worthy of the honor of record in the Rural. The *Buel Institute* was formed at Granville, Putnam county, Illinois, about three years ago. Its constitution does not restrict it to any particular locality, and it is gradually extending its interest into some of the adjacent counties. Its third annual Fair was held at Hennepin, on the 7th and 8th of October.

The stock, large machines, and implements of husbandry, were exhibited on the public square, which is quite spacious, and enclosed with a substantial fence. Fruit, works of taste and small articles, were appropriately arranged in the Court House, which was finely decorated with evergreen, flowers, pictures and *bed quilts*.

The show of fruit, in variety and excellence, was to me, quite unexpected. There were several exhibitors, one of whom had thirty-four varieties of apples, among which were the Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Spitzenburg, Roxbury Russett, Rambo, Mammoth and Fall Pippin, Hereford Pearmain, Maiden's Blush, Dominie, English Nonesuch and Tewksbury Blush. Two apples of last year's growth were shown. They were called "May Apple," and were sound though a little shrivelled. Some seedling peaches on exhibition, would do honor to that luscious fruit in any place. Catawaba and Isabella grapes, ditto.

There were some Potatoes three years from the seed, of fair size and appearance. I am too much a stranger to Paw-Paws and

Egg plants to record any thing about them, only their presence. There were winter squashes more than five feet in circumference, and corn stalks too tall for a six footer to hang his hat on the ears. The dairy products were few but good.

There was quite a display of bedspreads, patch-work quilts, carpets, lampmats, crewel work, card baskets and other nice things made with needle and pencil by some young Misses of good taste and nimble fingers.

Having now had a glance inside, we will leave the busy crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and take a stroll among the machines animate and inanimate on the outside. A half dozen Durhams, a few natives, two yoke of oxen, twenty horses, as many colts and sheep, and half as many hogs, is nearly a correct inventory of the stock on exhibition. Among these was a young Morgan horse, which excited much admiration—though few, they are the germs of mighty progeny.

Plows were well represented. Necessity has obliged the Prairieans to make plows for themselves, they have made as great an improvement on John Wood's plow, as he made over the wooden mould-board. Our light and adhesive soil requires so high a polish, that nothing but steel is used, where it is designed to come in contact with the soil. Consequently our plows are made as bright, and nearly as sharp, as any other cutlery. The best eastern plows would be rejected here, with as much disdain as you would reject the crooked stick of the ancient Greeks. Our breaking plows (which are quite a distinct thing from the old ground plow,) have also been greatly improved. The primitive prairie breaking plow weighed two or three hundred pounds, and required a team of five or six yoke of oxen. Mr. Owen exhibited one at this fair, from his shop in Indian-town, which weighed only ninety pounds, and required a draught of only 250 lbs., to break up the toughest prairie sod. The workmanship on this plow, separate and apart from qualities, deserved a handsome premium.

The plowing-match, in my opinion, merits no especial commendation, and I only speak of it, to make the record perfect.

In some other points the show was quite

meagre. Seymour, Pennoek and Gatling Grain Drills, Ruggles, Mason, Nourse & Co.'s Straw Cutter, do. Corn Sheller, and Patten's Refrigerator, and one stove, constitute nearly, if not all, the balance of the Agricultural implements. To those who are privileged to attend the exhibitions in older countries, this will look like a lean affair, but "behold from a little spark how great a fire kindleth."

Less than twenty years ago, on the very spot of this exhibition, a few scattered inhabitants of this region sought refuge in a hastily erected fort, from the dangers of savages;—now fruitful farms and extended flocks bedeck the entire country—towns and cities, schools and colleges, railroads and canals, steamboats and telegraphs, with most of the other paraphernalia of advanced civilization, are already here, or are knocking for admittance.

The address was to have been delivered by Prof. Turner, but being prevented by illness, Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, of anti-slavery notoriety, was pressed into the service, and made quite an amusing address. He commenced by stating, "This is the fair; but it is hardly fair to pick me up in the streets as the Mexicans pick up their soldiers, and expect from me an address. Farming was the original pursuit. God made a farmer but never made a professional man." He recommended the founding of an Agricultural school where farmers could have their sons and daughters trained in a thorough practical education, and a thorough practice of their education. He asked if there were not more lawyers than were useful,—more doctors than took their own pills,—and more preachers than practiced their own doctrines. He congratulated Illinois that it was one of her citizens that took the reaper to England, which received one of the great medals, and turned the gibes and jests against our country, into praises and plaudits. In conclusion I would add that the Buel Institute is about the only organization of the kind in our State. If its works are feeble in comparison with those endowed by States, yet it is a worthy pioneer in a great cause.

May it live until Illinois, the Empire State of the West, shall rival in wealth, intelligence, refinement and virtue, that great State whose motto is "Excelsior."



From the Journal of Agriculture.

### VERMONT STATE FAIR.

Not many weeks ago the farmers of Vermont determined to hold a State Show, and we have just returned from witnessing how fully and satisfactorily this determination has been carried out. Prominent, if not foremost in the enterprise, was the Hon. F. Holbrook, of Brattleboro, a man known by reputation of the agriculturists, and one whom the Vermont farmers like to honor. As we usually form preconceived notions of those whom we expect to meet, our fancy had painted Mr. Holbrook as a hale and hearty sexagenarian, with hoary locks, who buttoned his vest at arms length over a considerable roundity of stomach, worthy of an Alderman in the "good old days" of turtle soup. But fancy, in this case, was a poor daguerreotypist, for the veritable man proved to be spare though not meagre, in frame; of about forty years of age, mild and unpretending in speech, as though he had no claims on the admiration and gratitude of his fellow farmers.

The show of horses and sheep excelled anything that we have ever witnessed in this country,—and probably nowhere, except in the same State could a better show of horses, or so fine a display of sheep, be made.

The old horse, Black Hawk, a favorite blood, on "this side of the mountains," was present with, it is said, one hundred of his colts. But so great was the dust, the crowd and the danger of being run over, that we saw little of the horses, as displayed in the ring, and could learn less about them from spectators apparently as green on the subject as ourselves. The old Black Hawk is a beautiful animal, of a medium size, of a deep glossy black, quick and easy in his motions, and full of life. He is said to be speedy, and to have done his mile in 2 minutes and 40 seconds. His stock as far as we could recognize them on the ground do him credit, and account for the high estimation in which he is held as a stallion.

His rival, the Green Mountain Morgan, with eight or ten of his colts, was also on the ground. These are the favorites on the "other side of the mountains," and might be deservedly so anywhere. The Green Mountain Morgan is a powerful, dark chestnut horse, with a flag tail, full of fire, and showing in every motion evidence of tremendous

muscular power. From his proud bearing and spirit, he is in great demand as a parade horse, among some of our generals.

On the afternoon of the second day of the Show, a general desire was expressed to witness a trial of speed between two of the rival racers, when Mr. R. M. Adams, of Burlington, presented his horse, the Flying Morgan, and he was shortly matched by a Black Hawk mare, belonging to Mr. Maynard, of Boston. The Morgan Horse was victorious, making good time for such a track. Time, 3 minutes 9 seconds.

S. W. Jewett & Co., exhibited over 200 imported French Merinos. Several sales of yearling bucks were made on the ground from this lot at \$200 to \$300 each. The clip of the flock, we are told, averages thirteen pounds. Mr. Jewett, with his associates, Messrs. Morse and Hollabird, deserve great credit for the spirit they have shown in their importations.

Mr. W. R. Sanford, of Orwell, Vt., and Edwin Hammond, of Middlebury, exhibited a choice lot of imported animals. One buck and nine ewes, of the French, and eleven ewes, of the Spanish Merino. The French buck, three years old, was said to have sheared eighteen pounds of clean wool. Mr. Sanford had other Spanish sheep of fine appearance, of his own breeding.

One of the bucks of Messrs. Sanford's and Hammond imported lot, two years old, clipping nineteen pounds, was sold on the ground for \$300, and \$500 was afterwards refused for half a share of him.

Mr. George Campbell, of Westminster, had a fine selection from his importation, in his pens, and it would certainly be safe to say that there were no finer sheep on the ground. One noble French Merino buck, two years old, sheared twenty and three-fourths pounds, and weighed, after the shearing, two hundred and twenty-four pounds. He showed, also, one fine, young yearling buck, from the Government flock, and two Silesian bucks; which were remarkably well covered, and the growth and staple of the wool was very even. Besides these, he showed a lot of fine Spanish Merinos.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.

This fair was held at Manchester, and is represented as having been highly success-

ful, and remarkably well attended. As with all the rest, there was a full attendance of *Great men*, as well as mammoth oxen, and fast horses. Messrs. Webster, Hale, and several others addressed the assembled crowds. We publish below an abstract of Mr. Webster's speech, not because it has any particular bearing on the subject of agriculture, but because the sentiments therein contained, do honor to his heart; and because, moreover, we think it quite likely that some of our whig readers would like to hear what their aspirants to the Presidency have to say to the farmers, at these great festivals. Mr. W.'s speech was an off-hand effort, and of course differs widely from the labored productions of Judge Douglass or Gen. Cass; but we opine that his experience in farming has been greater than either of these gentlemen, and that he is therefore better qualified to instruct as well as interest an audience:

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER attended the great State Fair, at this place today, and was received with every demonstration of enthusiasm, at the public exercises in Hanover Square.

Mr. Webster, in reply to the loud calls of the multitude present, made the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I hardly know how to occupy the few moments which it is proper for me to address you. I came here to-day as a visitor and a guest, to see and to hear, and to exchange congratulations with my countrymen and country women of New Hampshire,—but it is too late in the day, if the occasion was proper, for any subjects except those that belong to the particular object in regard to which your eloquent friends have so fully and ably discoursed.

Ladies and Gentlemen—On these occasions I know very well that there is some limit to patience and strength. You may desire to see me as one of your original fellow citizens. You may desire to hear my voice, but I am sure you do not desire to hear me discourse on topics such as I have discoursed elsewhere, on an occasion so confined in its appropriateness to one subject. I will say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that if there be any one thing in my heart stronger than any other wish, it is that

all the various pursuits of life protected by law, prosecuted by scientific discovery, and guaranteed by free government, may continue to prosper in this our land.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Your fathers and my fathers; generations gone before us, united the character of soldier and farmer. They fought the enemy, and fought the inclemency of the weather, and they struggled with the soil. The mechanic art they pursued and enjoyed no farther than was necessary to carry on those great elementary operations of a farming country. They lived in a cold region—a region of six months of winter, and a short summer, during which, they were to provide for this great length of inclement weather—they went therefore zealously to work, and cultivated the fields for their own subsistence; and I am old enough, and have seen, and seen since I was a member and practiced at the bar, those who have been shot and wounded in their own corn fields by the Indian muskets on this river just above us.

Now, gentlemen,—all is changed. Wars of that kind have ceased, and some have come to an end. He who was once half soldier and half farmer, has now become altogether farmer, or else he has gone to the mechanic arts to those various improvements which enrich and adorn society; and our State of New Hampshire is as great a participator in those improvements as any part of the country, and I need not say to you gentlemen—I need not say to you, that this new face of things—this great change that has come over us, while it is partly owing to peace on the frontier, which has released in former times so many of the people of New Hampshire from border wars, that peace itself has been promoted, and all the arts that we see flourishing around us, and the increase of wealth which we behold are the fruits, first of all, of the enterprising character, and next, of the government under which it has pleased Almighty Providence to permit us to live.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,—We are at the head of the Western world. No man can appreciate what is due to himself as an American citizen or what are the duties incumbent upon him as such, who does not feel that he is one of the twenty-five millions of people, who are setting an example of freedom and republicanism to the rest of the

world and if he be narrow, or local, or prejudiced—if he be as blind as a mole—if he cannot see an inch before him, he cannot comprehend his destiny. He does not know the place he fills amid the human race. Therefore, I think it incumbent on us all, on all these occasional public meetings, that we see and know, and feel, the progress of our prosperity and remember that it is the result of those institutions which our fathers

Gentlemen, I delight to dwell upon the consideration that I am a New Hampshire man. I delight to feel that I stand upon my native soil in the neighborhood of those whom I have regarded from infancy. I recollect that the tomb of the great Hero of Bennington is near us. I am proud to remember that many of my friends and especially my own father, was with him on that occasion, and to know that on these hills in early life I have seen his comrades.

And now, gentlemen, if we turn back to our New Hampshire people—if we remember the men who shed their blood, and employed their councils for the liberty of this country—if we think of Bartlett and Whipple, and Thornton, of the Gilmans the Langdons, and all those patriots of two or three generations ago, who founded our New Hampshire government, who connected us with the great government of the Union, who sought with all their hearts and recommended with all their powers, so far as was proper, to lead the people into its adoption founded for us, and which it is our duty always, and at every sacrifice to maintain.

Gentlemen, the hour of the day, if nothing else, would prevent me from discussing any of those subjects which more appropriately belong to another sphere.

The eloquent gentleman who welcomed me at the cars this morning was kind enough to say that in this vast assembly there was no political party—there was a general attachment to the Union. I believe it. I do not believe that the soil of New Hampshire can produce any of the opposite poisonous plant. It is as free from all noxious weeds of that description as any part of the country. I am glad of it—for mere barrenness in the naked tops of the Goffstown Hills or White Mountains, is far to be preferred to the richest soils which produce nothing but plants of mischievous poisonous growth.

—and if we could to-day see them all here, Josiah Bartlett, Wm. Whipple, John Taylor, Gilman and the rest, and ask them how we should deport ourselves on the present crisis of our country—what would they say? If any one should say, we are for breaking off from this Union, we are for cutting loose the ties that are binding us together, would they not say that we are stark mad—departing from every thing they had taught us?

Gentlemen, let me assure you that, in my conviction, the thunderbolt that rives the hardy oak and splits it from its stock to the ground in ten thousand pieces, and scatters those pieces over the earth—it may be a more sudden mode of destruction, but it is not a surer—than a spirit of disunion will show. If it is let forth in its angry zeal upon this united government under which we live, its fragments will cover the earth, and we will feel the smoke of its sulphur as long as we live.

Now, gentlemen, let us stand where our fathers stood. Let us say we are Americans, one and all, that we go for the general liberty, the general freedom, the general security of the whole American Republic—that we know where we are, and who we are; that we know who is looking at us from every part of the Earth, anxious to see whether we shall falter and fall, and come to nothing, and anxious to see whether we will go on and adhere to our fathers' principles and our own principles, and build up, to the end of time, the most glorious government the world ever has seen. My choice is made, and I know that it is your choice. You do not mean that any stigma of departing from the good principles of your fathers shall rest on you—not one.

Gentlemen—Again I say that it would be pleasing for me to stop days with you; but the hours of this day are rapidly passing rapidly away, and I must take my leave of you. Carry my affectionate regard, every one of you, to your own families, and your own firesides, and say that to-day you have seen one son of New Hampshire, whom circumstances has led away from his own State for years, come back full of New Hampshire sentiments, full of the sentiments of his fathers and grandfathers, and that he has left them in your charge, and prayed you to give them in the charge of your children forever and ever.—[Cheers.]



Every farmer and farmer's wife should read the following extract from Maj. Patrick's address before the Jefferson County N. Y., Agricultural Society.

"An industrious pair, some 20 or 30 years ago commenced the world with strong hands, stout hearts, robust health and steady habits. By the blessing of Heaven their industry has been rewarded by plenty, and their labors have been crowned with success. The dense forest has given place to stately orchards of fruit, and fertile fields, and waving meadows, and verdant pastures, covered with the evidences of prosperity. The log cabin is gone, and in its stead a fair white house, two stories, and a wing with kitchen in the rear, flanked by barns; and cribs, and granaries, and dairy houses.

"But take a nearer view. Hal! what means this mighty crop of unmown thistles bordering the road? For what market is that still mightier crop of pigweed, dock, and nettles destined, that fills up the space they call the "garden?" And look at those wide unsightly thickets of elm, and sumach, and briars, and chokecherry, that mark the lines of every fence!

Approach the house, built in the road to be convenient, and save land! Two stories and a wing, and every blind shut as close as a miser's fist, without a tree, or shrub or flower to break the air of barrenness and desolation around it. There it stands, white, glaring, ghastly as a pyramid of bones in the desert. Mount the unfrequented door-stone, grown over with vile weeds, and knock till your knuckles are sore. It is a beautiful, moonlight October evening; and as you stand upon the door stone, a ringing laugh comes from the rear, and satisfies you that somebody lives there. Pass now around to the rear; but hold your nose when you come within range of the piggery, and have a care that you don't get swamped in the neighborhood of the sink-spout. Enter the kitchen. Hal! here they are all alive, and here they live all together. The kitchen is the kitchen, the dining-room, the sitting-room, the room of all work. Here father sits with his hat on, and in his shirt sleeves. Around him are his boys and hired men, some with hats and some with coats and some with neither. The boys are busy shelling corn for samp; the hired men are scraping whip stocks and whittling bow pins, throwing every now and then a sheep's eye at the girls, who, with their mother, are doing up the house-work. The younger fry are building cob-houses, parching corn, and burning their fingers. Not a book is to be seen, tho' the winter school has commenced, and the master is going to board there. Privacy is a word of almost unknown meaning in that family; and if a son or daughter should borrow a book, it would be impossible to read it in that room; and on no occasion is the front house opened, except when "company come to spend the afternoon," or when things are brushed and dusted and "set to rights."

Yet these are as honest, as worthy and kind-hearted people as you will find any where, and studying out some way of getting their younger children into a better position than they them-

selves occupy. They are in easy circumstances owe nothing, and have money loaned on bond and mortgage. After much consultation, a son is placed at school that he may be fitted to go into a store, or possibly an office, to study a profession; and a daughter is sent away to learn books, and manners, and gentility. On this son or daughter, or both, the hard earnings of years are lavished; and they are reared up in the belief that whatever snacks of the country is vulgar—that the farmer necessarily ill-bred and his calling ignoble.

Now, will any one say that this picture is over-drawn? I think not. But let us see if there is not a ready way to change the whole expression and character of the picture almost without cost or trouble. I would point out an easier, happier and more economical way of educating those children far more thoroughly, while at the same time, the minds of the parents are expanded, and they are prepared to enjoy, in the society of their educated children, the fruits of their own early industry.

And first: let the front part of that house be thrown open, and the most convenient, agreeable and pleasant room in it be selected as the family room. Let its doors be ever open; and when the work of the kitchen is completed, let mothers and daughters be found there with their appropriate work. Let it be the room where the family altar is erected, on which the father offers the morning and evening sacrifice. Let it be consecrated to Neatness, and Purity, and Truth. Let no hat be seen in that room on the head of its owner; let no coatless individual be permitted to enter it. If father's head is bald—and some there are that are in that predicament—his daughter should be proud to see his temples covered by the neat and graceful silken cap that her own hands have fashioned for him. If the coat he wears by day is too heavy for the evening, calicoes are cheap, and so is cotton wadding. A few shillings placed in that daughter's hand ensure him the most comfortable wrapper in the world; and if his boots are hard, and the nails cut mother's carpet, a bushel of wheat once in three years will keep him in slippers of the easiest kind. Let that table which has always stood under the looking-glass, against the wall, be wheeled into the room, its leaves raised, and plenty of useful—not ornamental—books and periodicals laid upon it. When evening comes, bring on the lights—and plenty of them—for sons and daughters—all who can—will be most willing students. They will read, they will learn, they will discuss the subjects of their studies with each other; and parents will often be as much interested as their children. The well conducted agricultural journals of the day throw out a flood of light upon the science and practice of agriculture; while such a work as Downing's Landscape Gardening, laid one year upon that table, will show its effects to every passer by, for with books and studies like these a purer taste is born and grows more vigorously.

Pass along that road after five year's working of this system in the family, and what a change! The thistles by the road side enriched the manure heap for a year or two, and then they died. These beautiful maples and graceful elms, that

beautify the grounds around that renovated home, were grubbed from the wide hedge row of five years ago; and so were those prolific row of blackberries and raspberries, and bush cranberries, that show so richly in that neat garden, yielding abundance of small fruit in their season. The unsightly out-houses are screened from observation by dense masses of foliage; and the many climbing plants that now hang in graceful festoons from tree, and porch, and column, once clambered along that same hedge-row. From the meadow, from the wood and from the gurgling stream, many a native wild flower has been transplanted to a genial soil, beneath the homestead's sheltering wing, and yields a daily offering to the household gods, by the hands of those fair priestesses who have now become their ministers. By the planting of a few trees, and shrubs, and flowers, and climbing plants around that once bare and uninviting house, it has become a tasteful residence, and its money value is more than doubled. A cultivated taste displays itself in more than a thousand forms, and at every touch of its hand gives beauty and value to property. A judicious taste, so far from plunging its possessor into expense, makes money for him. The land on which that hedge-row grew five years ago, for instance, has produced enough since to pay double the expense of grubbing it, and of transferring its fruit bearers to the garden, where they have not only supplied the family with berries in their season, but have yielded many a surplus quart, to purchase that long row of red and yellow Antwerps and English gooseberries, to say nothing of scions bought with their money; to form new heads for the trees in the old orchard. These sons and daughters sigh no more for town or city life, but love with intense affection every foot of ground they tread upon, every tree, and every vine, and every shrub, their hands have planted, or their taste has trained. But stronger still do their affections cling to that family room, where their minds first began to be developed, and to that centre-table around which they still gather with the shades of evening, to drink in knowledge, and wisdom, and understanding.

The stout farmer who once looked upon his acres only as a laboratory for transmitting labor into gold, now takes a widely different view of his possessions. His eyes are opened to the beautiful in nature, and he looks with reverence upon every giant remnant of the forest that by good luck escaped his murderous axe in former days. No leafy monarch is now laid low without a stern necessity demands it; but many a vigorous tree is planted, in hope that the children of his children may gather beneath the shading branches and talk with pious gratitude of him who planted them. No longer feeling the need of taxing his physical powers to the utmost, his eye takes the place of his hand, when the latter grows weary, and mind directs the operations of labor. See him stand and look with delighted admiration at his sons, his educated sons, as they take hold of every kind of work, and roll it off with easy motion, but with the power of mind in every stroke.

But it is the proud mother who takes the solid comfort, and wonders that it is so easy after all when one knows how, to live at ease, enjoy the society of happy daughters, and contented sons, to whom city folks make most respectful bows and treat with special deference as truly well-bred ladies and gentlemen.

Now, this is no more a fancy picture than the other. It is a process that I have watched in many families, and in different States. The results are everywhere alike, because they are natural. The same causes will always produce the same effects, varying circumstances only modifying the intensity."

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#### LORD SPENCER'S RULES FOR SELECTING MALE ANIMALS FOR BREEDING.

The first things to be considered in the selection of a male animal are the indications by which it may be possible to form a judgment as to his constitution. In all animals a wide chest indicates strength of constitution; and there can be no doubt that this is the point of shape to which it is most material for any breeder to look in the selection of a bull or a ram. In order to ascertain that the chest of either of these animals is wide, it is not sufficient to observe that they have wide bosoms; but the width which is perceived by looking at them in the front should be continued along the brisket, which is just under the elbows, it is also necessary that they should be what is called thick through the heart. Another indication of what a good constitution is, that a male animal should have a masculine appearance; with this view a certain degree of coarseness is by no means objectionable, but this coarseness should not be such as would be likely to show itself in a castrated animal, because it might happen that the oxen or wethers produced from such a sire would be coarse also, which in them would be a fault. Another point to be attended to, not merely as an indication of a good constitution, but as a merit in itself, is, that an animal in itself should exhibit great muscular power, or rather that his muscles should be large. This is a usual accompaniment of strength of constitution, but it also shows that there will be a good proportionate mixture of lean and fat in the meat produced from the animal, the muscles being that part which in meat is lean. A thick neck is, in both bulls and rams, a proof of the muscles being large, and there can hardly be a greater fault in the shade of a male animal of either sort than his having a thin neck. I am inclined to say, that in the new Leicester breed of sheep, which is the breed to which I am accustomed, a ram's neck cannot be too thick.

Other indications of muscle are more difficult to observe in sheep than in cattle. In the bull there ought to be a full muscle on each side of the back bone, just behind the shoulder blades. It ought also to have the muscles on the outside of the thigh, full, and extending nearly down to the hough. It will seldom happen that a bull having these indications will be found deficient in muscle. As I am writing for the use of farmers, it is quite unnecessary for me to give a description of what is considered a well-shaped bull or ram; it is also obviously impossible to express in words what is meant by good handling. It is sufficient to say, therefore, that no small animal is fit to be used at all as a sire whose handling is not good, and that the more perfect the shape is, the better.—N. E. Farmer.

Extracts from a late St. Paul, Minnesota paper.

**RETURN OF GOV. RAMSEY.**—The dragoons who accompanied the Governor to Pembina, returned to Fort Snelling on Friday last, and on Monday, about 11 o'clock, the numerous friends of our worthy Executive were delighted to take himself and those who accompanied him by the hand. The party was absent only ten weeks; and in that time, traveled upwards of twelve hundred miles, going and returning, besides consummating the important business of the expedition, in the highly satisfactory manner already made public.

Their route lay to the west of the Red River of the North, until they struck the Pembina River, which they followed to its mouth. This is the site of Mr. Kittson's old trading post, the place where the treaty was made. They returned by the same route.

The party, soldiers and citizens, all returned in the most robust health, though somewhat bronzed by exposure to the weather. Their horses stood the journey remarkably well, considering the grass was very much cut down by the frost. Dr. Foster lost his horse a day or two out from Sauk Rapids, which was the only one lost by the Governor's party. The soldiers lost two, we believe.

Game in abundance was found on the route, both going and coming. Buffalo, elk, bear, geese, bucks and brant were killed in much greater quantities than could be used. Buffalo were more plenty on the return than in going out. Thousands lined the prairies during several days' travel. From sixty to one hundred were killed by the party, any number could have been taken. Huger Tyler, Esq., killed a large fat cow with his pocket pistol.

Dr. Bond, who, from his close observation of the meteorological subjects, has earned the title of clerk of the weather, informs us that the first frost which nipped vegetation in the valley of the Red River, occurred on the 26th of September. Four days previous, he gathered flowers, fresh and blooming in the gardens at Pembina. On Tuesday week, about one hundred miles west of Sauk Rapids, they encountered a snow storm.

All the parties speak in the highest terms of the country over which they passed, and of the hospitable entertainment they received at the hands of the people on both sides of the line. The attention of the Hudson's Bay factors and clerks, and the people of the Selkirk settlement generally, are warmly alluded to. The former accounts are confirmed, that they are a frugal, hardy and industrious people, surrounded by all the comforts of life that can be attained in that remote region.

**FACTS AND FANCIES.**—Uncle Sam's operation of setting his gallant soldiers to raising potatoes, does not appear to work very well, at least at Fort Snelling. The boys were made to plant four hundred bushels the past season, and, we understand, harvested but seventy bushels. No rot of any account was amongst them at that, and the ground is highly fertile. This shows bad farming under a bad system, and we hope the whole thing will be abandoned for the future. The yield amounts to about five potatoes per man, each week, during the winter, which is all they will get as this branch of their rations. Their cabbages turned out somewhat better, an acre yielding about 190,000 pounds.

**MINNESOTA YET!**—Scarcely a week passes that we are not called upon to record some triumph of the soil of our young and beautiful Territory in the field and garden. A monster cabbage, large enough to fill a wash tub—provided the tub isn't too large of course—raised by Mr. C. C. Jenks, on Coon Creek, has been sent us within the last few days. It can't be beat.

Big beets, cabbages, carrots, onions, parsnips, potatoes, pumpkins, ruta bagas, turnips, &c., flock so thick and fast upon us, that we can't begin to notice half of them. Since our last, we have a ruta бага from the farm of Mr. Russell, at Sauk Rapids, eight miles north of St. Paul, and another, left at our office by George Wells, from a garden in our town, weighing fifteen lbs! We have also seen a cabbage from the same gentleman mentioned by the *Express*, that would cut close on to a half barrel of kroust. Two red beets in the possession of Major Hixson, weigh jointly thirty eight pounds. They are raised at St. Anthony city. What next?



## MULBERRY FOR HOGS.

MR. EDITOR:—Possessing some little experience in the raising of mulberries and their adaption as food for hogs, I shall for the benefit of my brethren of the plow (i. e. their corn-cribs and smoke-houses,) respond to your call for light upon the subject.

About twelve years ago, I made a visit to my esteemed friend, Capt. Elkins, of Effingham county, when I was shown a nursery of mulberries of one year's growth, and upon enquiry I was told they were designed to grow food for hogs. My first impulse was rather more than a smile very ill restrained. I lost sight of my friend's nursery until about four years ago, when, being at his house, I was asked to take a stroll. As soon as we passed out of the yard into an adjacent inclosure, I saw upon every hand, fine, large, fat hogs. The very natural remark was: "Your hogs look fine, Captain." "Yes, one object that I had in view when I proposed the walk, was to let you see them, knowing your propensity for fine stock. Do you recollect my mulberry nursery?" said the Captain with an air of significance. "Of course I do," was the prompt reply, "has that anything to do with your hogs?" and I felt like laughing at what I conceived my friend's folly of by-gone days.

As we entered another inclosure—"Here," said the Captain, "are the trees grown from the scions over which you were disposed to be merry eight years ago." In this inclosure are twenty-five mulberry trees, that have fed 100 head of hogs since the last of April to the present time, (second week in July) merely having, in addition to the berries, the very poor privilege of running at large around the plantation.

Be assured, Mr. Editor, I was astonished at what I saw and heard. Around me were one hundred fat hogs,—yes, fat enough for the knife: and here was proof incontrovertible that they were made so from the trees before me.

I, of course, wanted mulberries, and was willing to be found at the feet of Gamaliel. "Go," said my old friend, "next December or January, to any mulberry stumps about your plantation take up the scions and set them in your nursery, which may be made rich by manuring, in rows, six feet apart, and about two feet in the row; give them one year's growth, or until February fol-

lowing; then cut off a little below the surface of the ground, and graft upon those stalks the variety desired." I put the above suggestion into practice; sent at the proper time to my hospitable friend, who furnished me with cuttings from his early, medium, and late trees, so as to have a succession of crops from April to September. I transferred from the nursery to the orchard the last year about twenty-five trees, and expect to add as many more the coming season. Next year my trees will assist the pigs, as the mulberry comes into bearing very early, if bearing wood is used for grafting.

Mulberry orchards are now becoming more common in this vicinity, and when one has arrived at any thing like maturity, it is considered by close cultivators to add much to the value of a plantation. When we take into consideration how little it costs to rear and plant out a young mulberry, and to what age the tree attains, (it is said they live a century) and their actual value, I cannot too strongly recommend their culture to Southern farmers. Permit me to say to all who have a few spare acres, plant it in mulberries. To those who have no spare lands, plant your road-sides; plant your horse-lot; plant your yards around your dwellings, and be assured a rich harvest in the way of pork, is not far in the distance.

N. B.—I would further remark, that the most approved distance in the orchard for mulberry trees, is fifty feet each way. The land should be cultivated in either cotton, peas, or ground-nuts, whilst the trees are small, and in early peas or small grain, after they begin to bear, which may be given to the hogs.—[Southern Cultivator.]

## WINTERING CALVES.

Young calves should never be confined in yards with yearlings or older cattle than themselves. As they are inferior in strength they are consequently often injured by the pushing and crowding of their more sturdy companions, and often seriously maimed or destroyed outright. If you have a flock of sheep, turn your young calves in with them. They will partake of their food with the sheep without quarrelling, and at night will be kept more comfortable than if tied up and put in a pen by themselves.

In many diseases to which cattle a subject, a tea of sheep dung, is the sure

remedy that can be given. When running with sheep the calves generally consume with avidity, the straw and litter on which these animals repose, and which to a certain extent becomes impregnated with the peculiar virtues of the "specific," and are thereby prevented from falling sick. Those who have adopted this practice, speak of it in terms of the highest approbation. Convenience for watering, feeding, &c., should be arranged and the animals provided with salt as often as necessity requires.—[Germantown Telegraph.]

#### DISCOVERY OF NEW FARMS.

Lawyers have known for a long time that a landholder owned ever so far down below the surface. But farmers never seem to suspect, that their deeds gave them any right to more than about six inches of the surface. Nobody hardly thought of looking deeper than that, except the diggers of gold and water. We have all heard of the classics being covered all over by the prosy homilies of the monks of the Middle Ages; in consequence of which generations have been content with the comparatively worthless surface parchments, in ignorance of the rich deposit beneath. Our agriculturists have had a similar, experience, till now, when the subsoil plow is revealing to them treasures before unknown. Discoveries in the earth are now keeping pace with those in the sky, and a new earth is open to the cultivator as a new heaven is to the astronomer. The following conversation at the Farmers' Club cut from the New Yorker, brings some intimation of the news;

Dr. Underhill:—I omitted speaking of another great source of phosphate of lime, and that is one which few farmers have hit upon. I mean that part of the farm which lies six inches deep under the farm. There, since the deluge, lies undisturbed the fertilizer, usually hard. Roots of the grains and annuals cannot penetrate it. There it is and has been accumulating for thousands of years, insoluble, except when roots apply themselves to it. Not one farmer in ten ever plows deeper than five inches. The roots cannot get at the mine below—it is too hard. He cannot afford to buy guano or bone, but he can afford a subsoil plow. Let him go down fifteen inches into his good farm below and he may have a new farm, good for fifteen years to come.

I never thought until this year that my loose, sandy, gravelly land wanted subsoiling. It is so very loose that I almost wade in it. But never-

theless, this year I have subsoiled 12 to 14 inches deep, and my corn on that tillage has given me a double crop. I found the bottom of my very loose top soil hard packed; the annual plants could not put their roots through it. My double has succeeded in spite of a pretty severe drought. I have for many years always plowed to the depth of eight or ten inches, but this season I have resorted to the farm which lies under mine successfully.

Dr. Church.—Is it necessary to subsoil every year?

Dr. Underhill.—I think not; but I mean to subsoil every acre I cultivate at all. It operates also, as a drainer. It also receives the fertilizer from the atmosphere. *The first store of manure is our earth; the second is our atmosphere.* That from the latter enters the earth by means of dew and rains—by dew even in times of drought—when a deep-tilled soil can take it in, while a shallow one cannot. Up to this day the shallow work prevails. *Nineteen out of twenty farms are so abused.* A farmer who can neither buy books or attend Farmers Clubs, can nevertheless plow deep. Let him try it, and if he fails let him come to this Club and tell us so!

#### SCALDED SHORTS FOR HORSES.

Shorts, as they are familiarly termed, when scalded, make an excellent diet for sick animals. The usual method of preparation is, to turn two or three quarts of shorts into a bucket, to which add boiling water, so that the mixture when stirred, shall be about the consistency of a soft poultice; it is then to be covered with a cloth and not given to the horse until sufficiently cool. When a horse has taken cold, and labors under a discharge from the nostrils, the mash may be put into the manger while hot, with a view of steaming the nasal passages and favoring the discharge of morbid accumulations. It is our general practice, when treating horses for acute diseases, to prescribe an occasional mess of the above; and we invariably observe some benefit derived. In acute diseases of the alimentary canal—inflammation of the bowels for example—the practice is open to some objection, on account of the irritation which the article might produce on the mucous surfaces. During the active stage of such disease, food of this description is inadmissible, and such articles as are mucilaginous, lubricating are indicated. The best we know of are flaxseed, marshmallows and slippery elm. It is customary in England in large stables, to set a boiler, in which hot water is continually kept for

the purposes of the stable, and more particularly for making bran mash, and at night if any of the horses look dumpish, (fatigued,) a bran mash and a good warm bed of straw generally restore them. Let a man who has performed a hard day's work, arriving at home late at night, his clothes drenched with rain, his feet icy cold, his frame shaking like an aspen leaf, now partake of a bowl of warm gruel and tumble into a feather bed—he can afterwards understand how a poor horse, under similar circumstances might be benefited. White recommends bran mashes "in fever and all inflammatory complaints; they are useful, also as a preparative to physic, serving to remove any indurated feces that may be in the bowels, whereby the operation of the medicine is rendered more safe and effectual." When a horse has been fed high for some time, a change to a diet of mashes for two or three days will often do a great deal of good.—[Am. Vet. Journal.

For the Valley Farmer.

#### RECEIPT FOR CURING BACON, TO PREVENT IT FROM SKIPPERS.

For one thousand pounds of meat, from good fat hogs, well salted with salt and saltpetre, take a half pound red or cayenne pepper and one and a half pounds black pepper, all pulverized; mix them, and rub well on the fleshy parts, and round the hocks; then rub hickory ashes all over as long as you can make any stay on. Smoke five or six weeks with hickory wood, and let your meat hang in the smoke house, and you need be in no fear of skippers.

D. LACKLAND.

#### METHOD OF CURING PRIZE HAMS.

The hams of Maryland and Virginia, have long enjoyed a wide celebrity. At the last exhibition of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, four premiums were awarded for hams. We are informed by those who had the opportunity of examining them that they were, of first rate quality. The following are the recipes by which the hams are cured.—[American Farmer.

*T. E. Hamilton's Recipe.*—First Premium. To every 100 lbs. pork take 8 lbs. of G. A. Salt, 2 oz. saltpetre, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 1-2 oz. of potash, and 4 gallons of water. Mix the above, and pour the brine over the meat, after it has lain in the tub for some two days. Let the hams remain six weeks in brine, and then dry several days before smoking. I have generally had the meat rubbed with fine salt, when it is packed down. The meat should be perfectly cool before packing.

*J. Green's Recipe.*—Second Premium. To 1,

000 pounds of pork, take half a bush. and half a peck of salt, 3 lbs. saltpetre, 3 lbs. sugar, and 2 quarts of molasses. Mix—rub the bacon with it well; keep on for three weeks in all; at the end of nine days take out the hams and put those which are at the top, on the bottom.

*R. Brook's Jr.'s Recipe.*—Third Premium. One bushel of fine salt, half a bushel of ground alum salt, one and a half pounds to a thousand lbs. pork, left to lie in pickle 4 weeks, hung up and smoked with hickory wood until the rind becomes a dark brown.

*C. D. Slinguff's Recipe.*—Fourth Premium. To 100 lbs. green hams take 8 lbs. G. A. salt, 2 lbs. brown sugar or molasses equivalent, 2 oz. salt petre, 2 oz. pearl ashes, 4 gallons of water, dissolve well; skimming off the skum arising on the surface. Pack the hams compactly in a tight vessel or cask, rubbing the fleshy parts with fine salt. In a day or two pour the above pickle over the meat, taking care to keep it covered with pickle. In four to six weeks, according to the size and weight of the hams, (that is to say, the longer period for heavy hams,) hang up to smoke hock up; smoking with green hickory wood. I have put up hams for the last 12 or 15 years by the above recipe with uniform success, equal at all times to the sample now presented.

#### DOGS FOR DRAUGHT.

In the snowy regions of the north, dogs are much used for travelling and moving light loads over the snow. In Quebec and Montreal, I have seen them harnessed to little waggon or sled going about the streets gathering soap and ashes, or for other purposes. The St. Paul Democrat, which is itself located pretty high up in Minnesota, gave an interesting account last winter of the arrival of a dog train at that place from the Selkirk settlement, some 500 miles still farther north. This settlement is on the line between our territory and that of the British possessions. It contains about 7,000 inhabitants—French, English, Indian and mixed. Notwithstanding they are so far north, they raise large crops of barley, oats, spring wheat, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, beets, mellons, onions, and all kinds of vegetables that grow in temperate latitudes. The corn crop is not relied upon—it is a precarious crop, though raised in every garden for table use.

They plant early in May. They usually have frosts till the first of June, and again in September. The season is long enough to fully mature the crop.

#### HENS IN WINTER.

A shed behind your horse stable is the most favorable place for hens during winter. You can throw the manure from the stalls into it, and as horse dung, especially where the animals are



grain-fed, ferments rapidly and powerfully, its heat will conduce to keep up a genial and summer-like temperature highly advantageous to the fowls. By sprinkling sulphuric acid freely over the surface every few days, all the unpleasant and deleterious consequences resulting from the ammoniacal gas, evolved by the manure, are neutralized and saved for the benefit of the crops. Another important advantage attending this practice, is the saving effected by the economization of the grain contained in the excrement. Hens accommodated in this way, if well fed, and supplied with meal, lime, ashes, chopped vegetables, buttermilk &c., will lay constantly, and be nearly or quite as profitable as during the summer months.—[Ger. Telegraph.

**GUANO ON TOBACCO LAND.**—It has been established beyond controversy, that guano is the best aid that can be applied to wheat and corn but we were not aware that it was so peculiarly adapted to the growth of tobacco. A gentleman in Louisa, who is largely engaged in the growth of the tobacco plant, made an experiment the last season, and he has satisfied himself most thoroughly of its entire adaption to the growth of that crop. This is a matter of very considerable importance, as thousands of acres of the old tobacco lands in Virginia may be reclaimed.—[Fredericksburg [Va.] Herald.

Green apples are selling in this market at the exorbitant price of five dollars per barrel.—[Louisville Democrat.

**HOW TO BOIL POTATOES.**—There is only one way to boil potatoes, of which the mass of people seem to be profoundly ignorant. Have the water boiling before you put the potatoes into it; and after cooking them sufficiently, pour the water off and allow them to "steam" about five minutes previous to serving up. You will find them deliciously mealy.

From the Missouri Republican.

#### ALEX. KAYSER, ESQ., AND THE WILD VINES OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

We have been extremely pleased on seeing the Ajax of the German Democracy extending his paternal care not only over the busy and treacherous field of politics, but likewise over fields of wild regions in search of the vine, from which the general panacea for the Teutonic race is skillfully extracted, and we are glad to see the gentlemen successful in his laudable purpose.

In May last, Mr. Kayser selected a German vine-dresser, for the purpose of traveling during the autumn, through the Ozark Mountains in search of the different wild vines in that region. The gentleman so appointed has published his report, which we have translated:

"During the wine exhibition held last May, at St. Louis, I was deputed to travel through the Ozark Mountains during this autumn, for the purpose of examining more attentively the vines of that region, that I might hereafter occupy myself with the culture of and produce wine from the same. I left on the 20th of October, in company with Mr. J. Bush, of Franklin county, who is likewise a vine-dresser. On the maps we found an old road marked, leading through Union, Steelville, Waynesville, etc., to Springfield, but we had been advised to take the new State road, which runs more to the westward, is less destitute of water, and only touching the village of Lebanon in Laclede county. On the second day we crossed the Gasconade, which river is as clear as crystal, considerably broad, and with a strong current, but at this time of the year we could swim it horseback. The environs of the river are true mountain sceneries, not wanting in the wild romantic. From these we had to ascend considerable, and frequently we could not perceive (in a space from 10 to 12 miles) any indication of human existence. Soon, however, we arrived in the region of the waters of the Osage, traveling along clear rivalets and through pleasant valleys, reminding us of the finest German scenery. The valleys still remain prairies, already intersected, however, by a growth of small trees, while the heights are covered with wood.

The country is very little settled, and hundreds of German families might find room there. The inhabitants are raising cattle; they work and require but very little, living in a state of half wildness. The black, but gravelly soil is quite productive, but the growth of timber is poor, since the rock on the heights is too uncovered. The road generally leads over a compact ground of gravel. The landscape loses all its mountain-like aspect the nearer the Ozark mountains are approached; it becomes undulating, more level and more monotonous, but the soil is richer, and the timber poorer until we reach Springfield, on the summit of the mountains, where the waters of the Gasconade, of the Osage, and of the White river are dividing, and where we find ourselves upon an entire plain, hardly to be overlooked. The little town is well built and important

through its extensive commercial and trading business. The road was quite lively, partly from drovers going to St. Louis, and likewise from movers going to Texas, especially from Indiana and Illinois. Some we saw returning from Texas, looking pale, poor, and dejected. We have to travel through two counties before we reached Springfield. Only seldom we met with slaveholders till we reached Green county, where Kentuckians and Virginians are, partly owning extensive farms, merely occupied with the raising of mules for the South. The pasturage in all these parts of the country is still excellent.

After six more toilsome days we reached Springfield, and if there is a healthy place in Missouri, this must be so, although the wind may blow there sometimes over the high and open country most unmercifully. We found only two Germans in the place, who had nearly forgotten their mother tongue. But we met with one German on the road, a discharged soldier, returning from his fort in the wilderness to the civilized world, to meet perhaps with new disappointments.

On the road we were already looking for vines; but finding so very little remarkable, our spirits nearly sunk. At Springfield we took to excursions and the scenes immediately changed. Only a few hundred steps from Springfield, we entered a thicket of young needle oaks and other trees perfectly covered with a roof of a vine, and notwithstanding their general exterior similarity, each vine appeared of a different variety. The grapes were not thick, but the clusters were like ears of corn, thoroughly sound, and not even a vestige of rotteness. Their taste varied from the strongest Muscat, to all the different aromas, and even the thin peel tasted extremely aromatic. The color is very dark, and the wine will become a strong aromatic Burgundy. By the assistance of our kind host (Gen. Smith) we found afterwards some other specimens, especially a vine with large blue grapes, (not very blue, however,) the quality of which was much recommended to us, but which we could not taste, on account of its being a rather early fruit. The grapes of the same had either been taken to town or were dried up, but the stocks bore evidence of the strong growth of the grape. This kind, as well as the others, are said to bear regular fruit.

Returning home we continued our search, and were fortunate enough to find two important sorts near Lebanon; the one with blue and thick grapes wheretfrom the people of that country prepare their raisins—and the other a reddish grape, with

light, sweet juice. We brought back in the whole, either as roots, scions, or seeds, five original sorts, which may have the following name: 1. Big Ozark. 2. Little Ozark. 3. Ozark Muscat. 4. Blue Lebanon. 5. Red Lebanon.

For a long time to come will the people of the country through which we traveled speak of the two Dutch fellows who had come two hundred miles to hunt for wild grapes.

Notwithstanding the successful experiment made with the wild vine found in our neighborhood, the sorts found in the highlands visited by us surpass ours so much, that we hope a much more important result, if—which is not to be expected—all others do not turn out a failure.

As soon as the result is before me (which however, will not be for some years,) I shall make it known to the public. But we have not done with the present search, we may have overlooked the most important; our searches and trials are to be made in all parts of our great West. If it cannot be done otherwise, then we can at least send away the seeds easy and far, and I shall be under obligations to any of my countrymen who will assist me and the cause in such a manner. Travelers whom we met, told us of a vine in Barry county, and near the Arkansas boundary, which is said to have still larger grapes than those found by us. Others have seen white grapes; and others still told us of wild vines growing in great abundance, and with large grapes in the neighborhood of Fort Leavenworth. The best is, perhaps, waiting for the industrious hand of the German, which is destined to convert that which has been useless into a benefit for all. No part of the great West should remain unsearched.

On our way home we passed through Hermann. There, as well as with us, the harvest from the Catawba has been a failure, in consequence of its rotteness, as only one-fourth of the usual quantity could be brought in; but the quality seems to be very good. Great things are expected from the Virginia seeds, which escaped rotteness, and brought forth plentiful fruit and excellent wine, resembling Burgundy. A wild vine from the neighborhood of Herman seems to keep itself well, but it is likewise only slowly augmenting. So much is certain, the matter will not be given up—years more congenial for the Catawba will return—we will continue experimenting and to learn, and at last we must reach our aim. On the 5th of November I found myself at home, glad of having finished a tedious trip of 440 miles.

FREDERICK MUNCH.

Marthasville, Warren Co., Mo., Nov. 7, 1851.

# VALLEY FARMER,

EPHRAIM ABBOTT, Editor,

Editor's Office and Printing Office, 161 Fourth street.

ST. LOUIS, DECEMBER, 1851.

## THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices where they are directed, they are held responsible until they have ordered them discontinued and settled their bills.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for while in arrears to the publisher, is evidence of intentional fraud.
6. Any person who receives a paper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it sent or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A few days ago we received a letter from a gentleman in Oregon Territory who had seen a copy of the Valley Farmer, and thereupon he remitted five dollars to pay for five years in advance. Now we call this a good example; not that we ask other people to follow it unless they see fit, but wish them to do better than that, viz. get six subscribers among their neighbors, and send us five dollars to pay for seven copies of the paper for one year.

A private letter from an individual in Lincoln County, who has had one of Wheeler's Horse Power Threshers in operation for a few weeks thus speaks of this machine and of the Valley Farmer:

"I have done a good business with my machine considering the amount of capital invested—about \$300, including wagon, machine, fan and other minor articles. It has threshed about 4500 bushels of grain, and I charge five cts. per bushel when cleaned, and three and a half cents uncleaned, furnishing two hands. This has left me \$150 to \$160 for my investment so far, and I anticipate another \$100 this fall. So far the machine has cost me just twenty five cents for repairs. It needs about a dollars worth of repairs at present. I have been running a common fan by the horse power, having it attached by a leather band running upon a four and three-fourths inch pulley,

on the end of the shaft opposite the large band wheel. It works admirably.

"Your paper is much esteemed by the enterprising farmers who have seen and spoken of it to me, but agriculture in this region is in its infancy; or rather the system practiced (if it be a system) is happily, as I hope in its dotage, and must soon give place to a better. The Valley Farmer will do much towards producing this change."

## THE OSAGE ORANGE.

NEAR BOONVILLE, MO. NOV. 11, 1851

MR. EDITOR:—Will you be so kind as to give us through the columns of your very excellent paper, the management of the Osage Orange plant:—1st, time the time of planting the seed, or plants.—2d, time of pruning, and what height from the ground they should be cut, (the first time of pruning)—and the distance from plant to plant—by answering the above you will oblige a friend and subscriber to your paper—(a paying one.)

I bought in your city last spring one dollar's worth of seed of the Osage Orange, and planted one half about the 20th March not steeped, the other I planted 20th of April steeped 36 hours in warm water,—I think all the first came up but none of the last.

Those that came up are now from 2 to 4 feet high, and from one to twenty inches apart. I am pleased with the appearance of the plant, and if seed can be procured I think to try it more extensively next spring.

You would confer a favor on a number of your subscribers in this section by giving a thorough description of the management of the above plant

Respectfully,

H. M. MYERS.

E. ABBOTT, Esq.

We intend in our January number to take up the subject and give a thorough history of the plant and the proper method of its cultivation and treatment.

LEE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A meeting for the formation of the Lee County Agricultural Society, was held at the Court House in the city of Keokuk, Nov. 1, 1851.

A constitution and code of bye-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected.

President—Wm. Lamb.

Vice President—Wm. Leighton.

Treasurer—Gen. R. P. Lowe.

Secretary—G. W. Edmondson.

The following persons were appointed Direc-



tors of the Society, viz: Smith Hamill, of Jackson Township; Garry Lewis, of Montrose; Adam Wier, of West Point; Joshua Owen, of Washington, and W. J. Cochran of Charleston township.

**NEW AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL PAPER.**—At the meeting of the Lee County Agricultural Society, the following resolution was adopted:

Having understood that it is in contemplation to publish a State Agricultural and Mechanic's paper, to be edited by G. W. Edmondson, Esq., of Keokuk,

**Resolved,** That, having confidence in the abilities and experience of Mr. Edmondson, as an editor and practical farmer, we hereby recommend his paper to the State and urge that it may be sustained by every farmer and friend to agriculture.

Dr. Edmondson has had considerable experience as a writer upon topics connected with agriculture, and we doubt not he will give the farmers of Iowa a very valuable paper.

**EXTENSIVE FARMING.**—We understand that a gentleman of this city who is owner of a large body of land in St. Charles County, Mo., lying in the "point" between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, designs next season to put in one thousand acres of wheat in one field, which will probably be the largest wheat field in the world. He will start eight breaking up teams of four yoke of oxen each, using a plow which will turn a twenty-four inch furrow. After the breaking the tract will be enclosed with a substantial stake and rider fence, some seven or eight miles in length, and at the proper season the ground will be thoroughly harrowed, seeded, harrowed again, and rolled. The expense of breaking, fencing, and seeding, is estimated at five dollars an acre, and if the season is favorable, the enterprising proprietor calculates to clear ten dollars an acre over and above this expense and the cost of harvesting. This is an experiment upon a grand scale, yet we know the gentleman is just the man to do up things in a magnificent manner, and we shall watch the progress of his experiment with much interest.

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.**—The gentlemanly and attentive Secretary of the N. York State Agricultural Society has again laid us under obligations to him for another of the superb annals of that fair "Transactions" for 1850. We place these volumes among our choicest books, and find them an invaluable help to when searching for practical information on any topic connected with our noble science.

The present volume contains beside numerous elegant engravings a neat typographical map of Seneca County. Hereafter we shall make some extracts from the work, but at this time we have only space to cull this morsel from the report of E. M. Bradley made to the Committee on Farms:

"I subscribe for and read six agricultural papers, which I consider the best investment made in the year."

**BRAHMIN CATTLE IN OUR COUNTRY.**—*The White God of the Hindoos.*—A pair of beautiful natural curiosities, consisting of a Brahmin steer and heifer, recently brought to this country from the East Indies, at a cost of near four thousand dollars are in Cincinnati. These singular animals have each on the withers, a large boneless hump—that on the male greatly exceeds that of the female in size. Their ears are very long, those of the female being exactly thirteen inches in length. The horns are straight and only about six inches in length. The color of the steer is a pure glossy white, with blue spots in the skin. The height, to the top of the hump, is fifteen hands and one and a half inches. The heifer is considerably smaller, and of a handsome brown color. It is said that the Brahmin people have for ages past worshipped them as gods. These two are the only ones in America, and are truly well worth a visit, especially from those who contemplate and study nature.—*Cincinnati Gaz.*

#### IMPROVEMENT IN GRIST MILLS,

Mr. M. Milliard, of Lake Mills, Jefferson county, Wisconsin, has invented and taken measures to secure a patent in grist mills, which consists in an improved method of hanging and forming the driving attachment of the mill-stones, by causing the stone to be balanced on a pin or roller which sustains the stone by a cross-bar, carrying it at its central opening, whereby it is made to sit in a traverse groove cut into the upper end of the lower shaft, the said groove being bisected at right angles by a similar one for the reception of the cross-bar referred to. An upper shaft has projections which fit into the groove carrying the balance pin, which serve, by the screw at the top, to depress the stone and gauge it to its proper grinding distance with respect to the lower stone. The lower shaft is capable of receiving a slightly vertical motion—being supported by a spring at the bottom—the whole effect of which is to render the stone adjustable to the utmost nicety. The mode of hanging the stone is also claimed to be an improvement in respect to obviating some friction in the present mode of hanging.

## THE NEW BARLEY CROP.

The Albany Journal states that the receipts of the new crop of Barley, at tide water, has not met the expectations of the trade. Wisconsin has, and is doing her share in supplying the market and a consumer in Albany, early in the season contracted for some 20,000 or 30,000 bushels, the growth of the State, to be delivered there during the Canal season. On the other hand, a portion of the crop of N. York has been sent West, and some dealers in Western New York, who have heretofore sent all their purchases to Albany, have been and are still shipping to St. Louis all they can purchase.

The following figures show the receipts at tide water from Aug. 13th to Oct. 22d, inclusive for this and the last year:

1850, Barley, receipts at tide water,.....	1,012,255
1851, do do do .....	709,209

Decrease..... 303,046  
bushels of the new crop.

The receipts last year from the opening of navigation to the 14th August, exceed those of a corresponding period this year 22,568 bushels. The following are the figures:—

1850, Receipt from 22d April to 15th Aug.....	136,953
1851, do 15th April to 14th Aug.....	115,385

Decrease..... 22,568

The total receipts at tide water last year were 1,744,867 bushels, and to obtain a corresponding amount at the close of canal navigation, there will be required 921,273 bushels to be received during the last week in October, and the month of November.

The amount required for consumption in Albany during the malting and brewing season, and before the crops of 1852 are brought to market, is estimated at 600,000 bushels, and for other localities in that, and in the Eastern and Southern States, about 1,000,000 bushels., making a total of 1,600,000 bushels.

Shipments from Albany to the South and East up to the 25th ult. were 550,000 bushels, and there required 450,000 bushels to meet their wants. With regard to malting and brewing in Albany, the Evening Journal says:

"It is estimated that the malters and brewers this city have already taken in this season from 150,000 to 200,000 bushels, and anticipate receiving, during the winter, 200,000 bushels by railroad, and 150,500 bushels from teams arriving in the street. There can be no doubt but that a goodly amount will be brought forward by rail—after the close of canal navigation, and a considerable amount in farmer's wagons from the surrounding country, but we are of the opin-

ion that the receipts from the latter source will fall short and that the railroad receipts will exceed the estimate. There is also required by our malters 200,000 bushels of Rye. This, together with our estimate of Barley wanted, shows the extent of the malting facilities in our city.

Now that our farmers are about closing up their present year's labors and counting their loss and gains, some estimate may be made of the crops in this section of Missouri.

1. Hemp.—Taking the average for the last eight years, this year's crop is a full one; but comparing it with the crop of 1849 and 1850 it is about *two-thirds*. We believe this is not far from the facts in the case. Of course this depends somewhat upon the sort of weather there will be for breaking.

2. Corn.—The crop in upper Missouri, north and south of the Missouri River, will not average a half crop compared with 1850. In Clay, Platte, Ray, and a few other river counties, it will go over half, but including the prairie counties it will fall short. There must be a great scarcity of corn next spring and summer in certain localities.

3. Wheat.—The crop is an average one—and we presume will be almost wholly consumed at home. It will not, at all events, effect the St. Louis market one way or the other. Our wheat is a very superior quality, and hence does not "have a fair chance" with that grown in Iowa and Illinois; which finds a market in St. Louis.

4. Oats.—The crop was a good one but was wholly consumed at home and at Fort Leavenworth.

5. Hogs.—they are scarce and generally of small size—not more than enough if enough for home consumption. The asking price is 4\$. Messrs. E. B. Allen & Co., we are informed, offered to pay 3\$ cash for several hundred thousand, but have not bought a pound at that price. The old stock of Bacon is swept clean, and the young shoats have bled freely in consequence of it. To this cause much disease may be attributed.

6. Beef.—Any quantity in the country from yearlings to four years old. The stock of work cattle is large, so of young mules.

The peach crop was a failure in many localities; in others, plenty. Apples, in the general, did not bear their usual quantity. Potatoes both sweet and Irish are abundant. Turnips and cabbages rather scarce. Butter and eggs, chickens and turkeys, always scarce and in demand.—[Liberty (Me.) Tribune.]

## HOW TO MAKE VINEGAR.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator says: Take an old cask and bore a number of holes in the sides and bottom, place it over a wash tub, get a quantity of beech or maple shavings, soak them in vinegar, then put them into the cask and leave the top of the cask open, lay some sticks across the top of the cask, on which place a pail or pan-full of cider, put some large cotton threads or peices of sponge into the cider, and let them hang over the edges of the pan and your apparatus is complete. The cider is by capillary attraction drawn up the threads or sponge over the edge of the pan and drops on the shavings, and trickles through them into the wash tub beneath; let it go through two or three times, and you will have vinegar. The cider, by passing slowly over the shavings, is spread out into a very thin surface, and every particle is exposed to the action of the air which comes in at the holes in the bottom and sides of the cask.

If several of these casks are placed in a small room the absorption of oxygen will be so great as to raise the temperature of the room several degrees. A person who has but a small quantity of cider, may not be at the trouble of fixing a cask. My vinegar cask getting low a few weeks since, I adopted the following plan: I put one tin pan on the floor and another in a chair by its side. I filled the upper one with cider, and put a strip of cotton cloth several inches wide into it, let it hang over the edge of the pan, and, in the course of the day, the cider found its way into the one on the floor. I repeated this process several times, and had good vinegar. It will take longer this way, for the surface exposed is not so large. The shavings in the cask should lie as light as possible to admit of a free circulation. The ingenuity of your readers will suggest convenient ways; all the secret is in exposing a large surface.

## TO PROTECT SHEEP FROM DOGS.

The general evil of dogs which I see is claiming at present, the most stringent legislation in our Northern States to protect the sheep, likewise exists with us. Our own Legislature has done much and will no doubt do more, at the proper time to eradicate this evil. In the mean time, to eradicate this evil let me publish to the sheep raising world, a remedy against the destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since by a highly respectable and valued friend, himself an extensive wool-grower. It consists simply, in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock, a bell of the usual size for sheep. The reasoning of my friend is this: the instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a sly, stealthy manner—his attacks upon sheep are most

frequently at night when they are at rest, and the sudden and simultaneous jingling of all the bells, strike terror to the dogs; who turn tail and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells would lead to their exposure. The ratio of bells may be made to vary according to size of the flock.

The importance of sheep preservation from dogs, the writer hopes will claim for this communication, an insertion in most of the papers of the Union, that a remedy so cheap and simple may be fully tested.—[Richmond Whig.

## VALUE OF THE PUBLIC LANDS OF ILLINOIS

[From Robert Rantoul, Jr.'s, letter to Robert Schuyler, Esq., President of the Central Railroad.]

Ten years ago Illinois, borne down with debt, had not only not a mile of railroad, or plank road in operation within her borders, but no reasonable plan had been agreed upon by which she could hope to diminish her debt, discharge her interest, or acquire facilities of communication. She has now her canal debt rapidly approaching towards extinction, revenues sufficient in a very short time to discharge her whole interest without increasing the rate of taxation, one hundred miles of canal, and a still greater length of railroad, in a highly profitable operation, with plank roads in great numbers, paying dividends large enough to insure the early construction of several thousand miles more. Not only so, but she has before her the certainty that she will be supplied with more than twelve hundred, perhaps it may be safely said, more than fifteen hundred miles of railroad in the next five or six years and channels are already constructed to convey her products, transported to her borders on these railroads, through Michigan, Indiana, and the Eastern States to the seaboard and abroad. If, paralyzed as she has for the last ten years, her growth was at about the same rate as that of Michigan, having less than half as dense a population, with her railroads and lake borders and her steamboats; about the same as that of Missouri with only two-thirds as dense a population, and with the Queen City of the Great River in her centre receiving the whole current of emigration up the Mississippi about the same as numerically as that of Wisconsin and Iowa together, these two



starting with a hundred thousand square miles of land unoccupied, wholly unencumbered with debt and accessible from the lake and from the river;—why should she not, in her present healthy condition, her limbs unshackled and her pathway free before her, advance with the step of a giant refreshed, towards her natural position among the first in population, power, and wealth of the North American confederacy?

#### CULTURE OF THE TEA PLANT.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Sept. 23, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:—When I was last in London, in 1848, samples of the tea grown in Assam by the Assam Tea Co.—also samples of the tea grown and manufactured by the East India Co., London, upon the Himmilayah Mountains, North West Province of India, of both black and green tea, were sent to me by some of the officers of the Assam Tea Co., for examination. None of these samples bear any comparison with the best quality of China teas. The soil and climate will not admit of it. It remains, therefore, for the United States to compete with China in the growth and manufacture of the finest quality of tea. No other nation can do it I believe, because we have sufficient evidence of the fact that the soil and climate of Assam are adapted to the growth of the tea plant, but do not, and never will, produce the finest quality of tea. The tea grown by the East India Co., N. W. Province of India, upon the mountains, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, is of a fair useful quality, but by no means equal to the finest quality of China tea.

It is well known that the tea plant will not flourish upon any part of the plains of India. Therefore, an artificial climate is obtained by elevation. In tropical climates 296 feet of vertical elevation are equal to one degree of latitude in temperature; consequently 6,000 feet of elevation would be equal to 13 degrees of latitude.

Mussoorie, the Himmilayah mountains, is about 31 degrees of north latitude, so that 13 degrees of latitude by elevation would give a temperature corresponding with 44 degrees of North latitude winter time. It is a philosophical speculation of my own, that the pestiferous atmosphere of the plains of India combine, in some degree, with the

atmospheric air of the mountains, and produce an effect upon the tea plant adverse to its perfection, and repugnant to the production of the finest quality of the tea leaf. We are not so cramped in this country for the want of frosts and snows and strong winds, that we cannot find ample space this side of the clouds of Heaven for tea plantations to meet exactly the wants of the plant. We can run to the North or the South, East or West, and plant our foot upon the exact parallel adapted to our wishes, and leave the lofty mountains undisturbed.

Although my beginning were and are small and feeble, and not sustained by any immense or ordinary pecuniary aid, so essential to a great national undertaking, yet I am thankful for the continued enjoyment of health and strength, and for a certain progressive advancement, which leaves no ground for apprehending any reverse result in the tea cultivation. The seedlings which have germinated this summer, and are now from 8 to 10 inches in height, are far more numerous than I have had them at any former period. The excessive drought and heat have, no doubt, been prejudicial to the vegetation of the tea nut, as well as to the growth and vigor of the tea plant. The absolute necessity of a more thorough irrigation is quite apparent. My older and larger plants now stand heat and cold, and have grown finely since they were transplanted from the village in March. Most of them are covered in blossom buds. The first blossom appeared yesterday. Numbers of others are just ready to open out. The autumnal planting of tea nuts have germinated more generally than those planted in the Spring and Summer, but they appear in May, and continue through the summer in lesser numbers. The nuts which I have just received from China, of this year's growth, are in sound condition, a small part of which will be spared to those desirous of planting, will be the best that can be obtained. I am aware that farmers, as well as others, are apt to be impatient, and grudge the long time they must wait for the latter harvest. Many of them, doubtless, with me, can remember when there was not a blade of cotton grown in the United States, nor a steamboat floating upon the ocean.

Your obedient servant,

JUNIUS SMITH, LL. D.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

This department will be conducted by  
Mrs. MARY ABBOTT,

### CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Now that we have come to the close of the year, it is meet that we should pause and ask ourselves and our readers, what we have been doing the past year. Have we advanced in all that was lovely and of good report? How can we account to ourselves for the talent of time and every other talent God has committed to our charge? If we cannot reckon with ourselves to satisfaction how shall we account to God, whose we are and to whom belongeth every thing that we possess?

As to ourself we have to acknowledge that we are an unprofitable servant, yet we are not without hope, that we have scattered some seed that shall spring forth and bear fruit, perhaps long after we have mouldered in the grave. In conducting the FAMILY CIRCLE it has been our wish and aim that the few pages devoted to it should be indeed, both instructive and useful to the Family, and we hope our endeavors have not been in vain. And let us remember that those who write and those who read must do it as they "who must give account for all the deeds done here in the body."

There is a solemnity about the close of the year that makes it a good time to form resolutions of amendment; and if conscious of our weakness we ask strength of Him who is ready to give willingly, then we shall be enabled to make each succeeding year better than the last, and the closing year of our lives the best, and we shall sink in the repose of the grave with the joyful anticipation that He who has given us strength here will also give us "an inheritance incorruptable, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

### VICTORIA REGINA.

We have before us an engraving of the Victoria Regina, from the original drawing transmitted to the London Geographical Society Oct. 17, 1837, by its discoverer, Dr. Schomburgh. It is the most majestic flower we have ever seen or read of. We will here give a description of this very beautiful flower, which we copy from the 'Arcana of Science and Art.'

"In my rambles through the West Indian Archipelago, I had frequently met the white water lily; but the remark of an eminent botanist that these floating plants were entirely unknown on the continent of South America, did not make me expect to find a representative of that tribe, which, for the superior grandeur of its leaves, and the beauty of its flowers, and its fragrance, maybe classed amongst the grandest productions of the vegetable world. It was on the 1st of January this year; while contending with the difficulties nature opposed in different forms to our progress up the river Berbice, (in British Guiana;) that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object to the southern extremity of this basin attracted my attention. It was impossible to form any idea of what it could be, and, animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, shortly afterwards we were opposite the object which had raised my curiosity. A vegetable wonder! all calamities were forgotten, I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter; salver-shaped, with a broad rim of light green above and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals; passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them, and I rowed from one to the other, and always observed something new to admire. The leaf on its surface is of a bright green, in form almost orbiculate, with this exception, opposite its axis, where it is slightly bent up. Its diameter measured from five to six feet, around the whole margin extended a rim about three to five inches high, on the inside light green, like the surface of the leaf; on the outside, like the leaf's lower part, of a bright crimson. The ribs are very prominent; almost an inch high and rise from a common centre, and consists of eight principal one, with a great many others branching off from them. These are crossed again by a raised membrane, or bands at right angles, which gives the whole the appearance of a spider's web, and are beset with prickles; the veins contain air cells like the petiole and flower stem. The divisions of the ribs and bands are visible on the upper surface of the leaf, by which it appears areolated. The young leaf in convolute, and expands but slowly; the prickly stem ascends with the young leaf till it has reached the surface; by the time it is developed its own weight depresses

the stem, and it floats now on the water. The stem of the flower is an inch thick near the calix, and is studded with sharp elastic prickles; about three quarters of an inch in length. The calix is four leaved, each upwards of seven inches in length, and three inches in breadth; at the base they are thick, white inside, redish brown, and prickly outside. The diameter of the calix is twelve to twenty-three inches, on it rests the magnificent flower, which, when fully developed covers completely the calix with its hundred petals. When it first opens it is white, and pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower, the more it advances in its age, and it is generally found the next day of a pink color. As if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet-scented. Like others of its tribe, it possesses a fleshy disk, and the petals and stamen pass gradually into each other, and many petaloid leaves may be observed which have vestiges of another. The petals next to leaves of the calix are fleshy, and possess air cells which certainly must contribute to the buoyancy of the flower. The seeds of the many-celled fruit are numerous, and imbedded in a spongy substance. We met them hereafter frequently, and the higher we advanced the more gigantic they became. We measured a leaf which was six feet five inches in diameter, its rim five and a half inches high, and the flower across fifteen inches. The flower is much injured by a beetle, (*Trichius*, "Spec?") which completely destroys the inner disk, we have counted sometimes from twenty to thirty in one flower.

The Horticulturist for October contains a description of the growth and flowering of the first plant of this species in America, in the garden of Caleb Cope, Esq.; President of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. The Horticulturist remarks: "The event in our floriculture world just now, is the blooming of the *Victoria*—that queen of water lillies—at the country residence of the President of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. Mr. Cope's zeal and spirit in the introduction and cultivation of this noble plant, have been most satisfactorily rewarded by a larger growth, both of flower and leaf, than the most skillful culture in Europe has yet obtained. The committee on plants and flowers of the Horticultural Society, were present on the second flowering blooming. They measured the petals, which they found seven inches in length, and the crown or disk of the flower three inches, thus making the diameter of the whole seventeen inches. This is three inches larger than any flower p

gland. The leaves are also six inches larger than any grown there." The largest leaf produced up to Aug. 12th measured six feet six inches in diameter.

If we should be so fortunate as to attend the meeting of the Pomological Congress next autumn, we shall endeavor to see this flower and inhale its fragrance, and we will then give our readers a more particular description of it.

#### HOW TO DO GOOD.

Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a good deal of good at once, will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time, and never "wait to do a good deal of good at once."

If we do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another, setting a good example all the time; we do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.—[American Messenger.

#### THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"She need not seek 'another sphere'  
For greater work than this;  
For on her soul will ever hang  
Earth's wretchedness or bliss!  
The moral sense, a plastic thing,  
Lies in her arms to mould;  
How fearful then the destiny  
That her weak hands may hold.

There is much clamor in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges to our sex. A powerful moralist has said that, "In contention for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well balanced society, should the intimate delicacy and prerogative of women, as women, be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a helpmate," said the voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize fighter. No, a helpmate, such as was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them,



and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its unrevealed sanctities, why should we seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its torrents. Need she again be tempted by pride or curiosity, or glowing words to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of women is to keep her own sphere and to adorn it; not like the comet daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood shedder, her good works, such as "becomes those who profess godliness," though they leave no "foot-prints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extensive—the sanctuary of love, the throne of the heart, the "moulding of the whole mass of mind in its formation?"

Have we not power enough in all the realm of sorrow and suffering—over all the forms of ignorance and want—amid all forms of ministrations of love from the cradle to the sepulchre?

So let us be contented and diligent, aye, grateful and joyous, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

#### THE PARTIAL CAT.

The story of the "wise dog," in one of the late papers, brought to my remembrance a scarcely less remarkable cat, that recently belonged to an aunt of mine. Now my aunt is one of the best of women, and the cat, if not "wise," was a great favorite in the family, and endowed with some qualities not usually credited to her species. Puss at one time had a very interesting family of kittens. They were all bright and active, but one of them was observed to have a greater resemblance to its mother than the rest, and was indeed the prettiest kitten of the whole, and she showed a particular attachment to it. A neighbor begged one of them of my aunt, and being allowed her choice, selected the favorite one and carried it home. All this occurred in the absence of the feline mother, who on her return evidently observed with concern the loss of her pet. She immediately began to search the house and out houses, insisted on

having the doors opened for her admission to all the rooms in the house; she instituted the same search through all the neighborhood, and at last found the object of her pursuit; she caressed it with every manifestation of maternal fondness and delight, fed it, and then, much to the surprise of the lady of the house, took her departure, leaving the kitten behind; in a few hours she returned, bringing one of her other kittens in her mouth which she placed on the floor beside the newly found. "Ah!" thought the lady, "so I am going to have the mother and all her progeny quartered on me;" this, however, was not the intention of the cat, for after caressing the kitten she had brought, for a few moments, she took the other in her mouth and carried it to its former home, and never again visited the one she had given in exchange.

#### PROTECTING TENDER ROSES.

After trying various modes of sheltering tender roses during winter, including the use of moss, inverted turf straw, tan bark covered with boards, &c, none appears to be equal, says the Albany Cultivator to a covering with the branches of evergreens. Plants but slightly tender need but little shielding in this way; while those the most susceptible should be encased several inches thick. One eminent advantage which this treatment possesses, is the entire freedom from decay in the bark and stems of the shielded plants, which sometimes results from other modes. Pine, hemlock, white cedar, &c., may be used for this purpose. Where evergreen hedges or screens have been planted, the shearings or clippings may be employed with great convenience.

#### SMALL MYSTERIES.

In the home-circle, nothing is more productive of mischief than small mysteries, the concealment of little things, and the furtive accomplishment of what might better be done openly. Dr. Johnson, in his forcible language, once said, "Nothing ends more fatally than mysteriousness in trifles; indeed, it commonly ends in guilt, for those who begin by concealment of innocent things will soon have something to hide which they dare not bring to light."

The faculty for concealment—or, as the

phrenologists term it, "secretiveness"—is a dangerous gift; openness and candor are delightful in a household; giving all the members a pleasant participation in each other's happiness. When we discover that a friend has deceived or only half trusted us, we regard him ever after with suspicion, and it requires a long time for him to recover the ground he has lost in our confidence and esteem. Especially is this true in the family; for when we perceive that those abroad know more of the motives of a member of the same house than we do, it seems as if wrong was done which cannot be forgotten.

Husbands and wives ensure domestic discomfort by having out-door confidants. Coolness and even separation have had their rise in some trifling matters of this sort, when the parties might, by a wiser course, have remained affectionate and inseparable. Children who prefer other friends over their parents are almost sure to be led into error and unhappiness. While under the home roof, the heart should be kept there; the preliminaries to a future home causing the only exception: And even in such a case, he or she is usually best married whose parents are earliest apprised of the engagement.—[Family Visitor.

#### COOKING THE APPLE.

The apple is both nutritious and wholesome and deserving a more prominent place in the catalogue of table fruits than is generally assigned to it. Sweet apples contain a large amount of saccharine matter and are probably more nutritious than the sour varieties. The apple, however, like all other fruits should never be eaten in an unsound or unripe state, and the fairest and most perfect fruit should always, if possible be selected for use.

**APPLE SYRUP.**—Take a dozen fine semi-acid ripe apples, pare and cut them into thin slices and put them into a stone bottle with a gill of water and one and a half pounds of powdered sugar. Cork the bottle and boil it gently (in a kettle of hot water is better) two hours, and then suffer it to cool. When nearly cold, flavor with orange-flower water, or lemon, or any essence which may be desired, and pour it into wide-necked bottles for use.

**APPLE CUSTARD.**—Take large and fair tart apples, core them, and fill the openings with sugar,

and put them into a well tinned pan, scatter sugar over the whole, and flavor with lemon peel orange or cinnamon. Bake until soft, then put them in a dish, and pour over them a custard made of eggs and milk, in proportion of four of the former to one quart of the latter.

**APPLE POTTAGE.**—Take ripe apples carefully pared and cored, and put them in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or quince intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night and it will make a delicious dish for breakfast.

**RICE BREAD.**—Take six table-spoonfuls of boiled rice, and one of butter; rub them together and then pour in half a pint of milk; add two eggs and six table-spoonfuls of wheat flour. Mix all together, and bake a little brown; and you will have a very good and wholesome kind of bread.

**TO MAKE GOOD WHEAT PANCAKES.**—Rub two teaspoonfuls of soda into a quart of flour, stirring briskly enough sour milk to make batter. Cream improves it. Buttermilk is not so good as sour milk. The griddle should be pretty hot.

**GINGERBREAD SNAPS.**—Take a pound and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, the same of sugar and molasses, and an ounce of powdered ginger. Mix well before the fire, and add five teaspoonfuls of thick cream, work into a stiff paste roll out thin, dip a wine glass into flour and cut out the snaps with it, and bake in a quick oven.

**TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.**—I have tried several ways of keeping cider, and have found the following to succeed:—I let my cider work until it has fermented a little, and then pour in a tea-cup full of mustard in each barrel. Please insert this for the benefit of those who love good sweet cider in the winter.—[Moore's Rural New Yorker.

**VIRGINIA EGG BREAD.**—Dissolve one table-spoonful of butter in three and a half quarts of milk; add one quart of Indian meal, half a pint of wheat flour, a little salt, and two eggs well beaten; mix all well together, and bake in a buttered tin.

If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth, in the white of six eggs, well beaten, is applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from getting in.

**THE CATALOGUE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.—**  
*The Enterprise of Printers.*—Fifteen thousand persons had to be written to for their modicum of "copy" for the catalogue, or a description of what each was about to send to the exhibition. Fifty thousand printed circulars were sent out. The catalogue, the labor upon which was commenced in January, 1851, was classified, made up, printed and bound in four days. The first perfect impression was only produced at 10 o'clock on the night preceding the opening of the Exhibition, yet 10,000 bound copies were punctually delivered at the Crystal Palace on the following morning. The two copies presented to the Queen and Prince Albert, on that morning, bound in morocco, lined with silk, and gilt-edged, were bound, lined and gilded in six hours. Of the "Official" catalogue 250,000 copies have been printed, consuming 105 tons of paper, the duty upon which was one thousand four hundred and seventy pounds sterling. Besides these, 5010 pages of lists, other catalogues, reports, &c., were printed. The weight of type thus employed was 52,000 pounds.

Many kinds of garden seeds lose their vegetative power if kept over the first year. Be sure then to sow none but new seeds.

#### COMMERCIAL.

Hemp \$85 for prime. Lead firm at \$4 25, demand, however, small. Flour unchanged, superfine country selling in small lots at \$3 40a\$3 45, fancy at \$5 50a\$5 60. Wheat in limited supply with steady sales from 55 to 80c, choice will sell at 81a82c. Mixed corn in new gunnies 36a37c, pure yellow, 37a38c, white 40. Oats 23a24c without, 23 1-2a26c sacks included. Barley dull, unless very choice, and the highest price paid is 50c; sacks returned.

Provisions inactive, with limited sales of pork, humps at \$8a\$9, prime \$9a\$9 50, M. O. \$11, mess \$12a\$12 1/2, clear \$13. No. 2 lard in barrels and tierces at 6 1-2a6 3-4c, No. 3 7c; No. 2 kegs 7 3-4c. No. 1 8a8 1-4c; 526 kegs to-day at 8c. But little doing in dry salted or pickled meats, shoulders 5a5 1-4c, sides 6 1-2a7c, hams 6a6 1-4c; 5000 lbs extra sides sold to-day at 7c; hams in sugar cured pickle 6 1-2a5 3-4c. Bulk meat, hog round, do. Groceries in fair supply, with slight advance in coffee. New sugars selling to the trade from 4 3-4 to 6c. Rio coffee 8 3-4a9 1-4c. New Molasses 30a31c half bbls 31a32c. G. A. scarce at \$1 50. Rice 4 3-8a4 1-2.

#### ST. LOUIS LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Sales of fair Beef Cattle to shippers at \$4. Two lots were taken at this price.

Ordinary Beeves are getting scarce, and are taken readily by our City Butchers at \$3 40a\$3 75.

The market is pretty well supplied with Hogs, and there is little disposition to operate largely at present rates. Sales of two lots to City Packers at \$4 30.

Three lots of fair Sheep have come in from interior of Missouri, and was taken at \$2 per head. Prime sheep are worth \$2 25, and ordinary range from \$1 50a\$1 75.

We have no change to make in the price of Cows with calves. Fine Cows are worth \$23a25.

Horses are getting scarce, and have improved a shade in price. Medium sized Horses are worth \$65a85, and good Animals \$100a\$125.

Mules—very few in the market, and no enquiry for them at present. Prices nominal at \$65a\$100, according to quality.

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